



SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
JUNE, 1910

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The California Garden

Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association

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FIVE CENTS PER COPY

Vol. 1

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1910

No. 12

With this number the CALIFORNIA GARDEN completes its first year. It is not for the GARDEN to say the many flattering things it thinks about itself, though such a course would be fully justified by journalistic precedent. Let its friends do the shouting, and show their appreciation by a prompt renewal of their subscriptions.

It is usual for a publication on its birthday to take its readers into its confidence as to what is intended for the coming year. In this respect also the GARDEN must be unusual. It has no paid writers or other salaried officials of any description. It is published by a body of lovers of garden things, purely for the purpose of spreading that love, and those who contribute matter for its columns are actuated by the same sentiment. It does not pay for itself in spite of all this volunteer labor, it was not expected that it would. For these reasons its program is dependent upon the measure of its support. If as good progress be made in the next year as during the past one, its second birthday should see it a larger magazine covering its field more thoroughly. In any case it will maintain its present standard. It should be always borne in mind that CALIFORNIA GARDEN is a part of the San Diego Floral Association,

and like it exists for the betterment of the community generally along its particular lines of effort. It wants to help to make San Diego a garden spot in a summer land. Is it too much to ask all and every one to hold up its hands, that its work may be more effective? Can it not be a potent factor in preparing the way for the 1915 exposition, in whatever form the latter may eventually take?

Certain exceptions having been taken to an article in the last issue of CALIFORNIA GARDEN, dealing with the Rose Show and the support it received from the press, I deem it only proper to assume all responsibility for the said article, as it had neither been submitted to the San Diego Floral Association nor to my fellow editors, nor had the matter of it been under discussion.

ALFRED D. ROBINSON.

The Garden in June

After K. O. SESSIONS

(Who is still sick, but promises to be with us in July)

With the coming of June, the season of cool, dull days usually passes, and the sun gets up early and goes to bed late. This means to the gardener

more water and oftener, and consequently additional cultivation. Avoid surface sprinkling, get the water down below the plant and encourage deep rooting. In this climate there is always a hot zone of a couple of inches or so on the soil, in summer, and to root in this is death to a plant. Asters should be in their permanent quarters and should be given every attention, don't cultivate too close to asters, their root-system is somewhat like a strawberry, and they shade their own roots. Carnations should now be well established to show a few bloom stalks though a little longer self-denial will bring its reward in better and more blooms hereafter. Give them a spraying with Bordeaux mixture, it can do no harm and may stall off rust and kindred troubles. A little fertilizer will now be relished, provided it is not the stable kind.

Chrysanthemums should now be growing well, encourage a strong, not weedy growth, give plenty of water and remember many flowers mean small ones and vice versa.

Dahlias planted the beginning of June should give best results in late fall. Like mums they want lots of water and a rich soil, plant as deep as practicable. If you do not desire to stake them try Peacock's method of cutting out the top of the shoots and forcing them to branch and bush. The Pompon dahlias should be used more as a cut flower, they keep better than the larger types.

Tuberous begonias should be growing fast, remember they want staking,

lots of water to the root, and are gross feeders, as are all begonias. Gladiolus, too, must not be allowed to suffer for water, and a planting now will bring flowers when blooms are scarce.

Ferns are in full growth in June, and want plenty of water, in fact they should be wet, and where in pots or hanging baskets will benefit by liquid fertilizer, as to what to use see past issues of CALIFORNIA GARDEN.

Tidy up the whole garden, and remember that the best potting soil can be made by collecting leaves, weeds, clippings, etc., and piling them up to decay. This climate demands a special treatment. Dig a hole and put your clippings, etc., in and keep the whole mass moist. Without assistance of this kind you will get dessication not decay. It is an economic fact that no weeds or clippings should go off a garden or be burned.

The Rose in June

E. BENARD

As predicted in last month's article, May has been a cool month, with lots of fog, and those who took the advice given them, should have had some good blooms from their rose bushes, and June will see many more. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria should be making preparations for another big crop, also General McArthur and others of the remontant or "come-again" type. Don't be discouraged if bushes planted in February have not given much return in bloom. The failure

of the March rains and the hot days of that month and April tried these new residents severely. Withhold your verdict for a time, and give them a chance to make a good root system. Judgment should not be taken on the small, blighted blooms that have appeared.

Dorothy Perkins, that glorious pink climber, has been gorgeous this year, an arbor of it on the Robinson place at Point Loma has held a daily reception for the last three weeks.

It must be remembered that we are now in summer and roses require much more water. The rose likes its feet cool and dampness contributes to that condition. Let irrigation be thorough, enough to reach well below the root system, and follow with cultivation as soon as possible. Every second week is none too often. Give a little stimulant, bone meal is good at this season, working it into the soil, and in an area of three feet, the stem of a rose bush has no mouths.

That brown beetle is now ravaging the land. Some rose bushes are almost denuded of leaves and the destroyer is not to be seen. This is the work of that beetle—he comes out at night and works his mischief. The rose grower must also go out at night with a lantern and catch him in the act. Some recommend spreading a cloth or paper under the bush and shaking it sharply which dislodges the beetle, but a sure way, though slow, is to have a can with a small hole in the lid into which the beetles are pushed as they are picked and confined there

with the thumb. Growing chicks relish a rose beetle as much as the beetle does the rose. Not too late to bud, and potted roses can still be planted out, particularly if shaded for a while, but they must have plenty of water.

The annual meeting of the San Diego Floral Association will be held the evening of June 14th at the San Diego Club House. Aside from the election of Directors and the receiving of the reports of officers there will be a musical program and at the close of the meeting refreshments and dancing. All the features of the program are in the hands of competent committees and a thoroughly good time may be expected with confidence.

Work in My Garden

[Continued]

FANNY L. RYAN

June has come, and with it new duties for my garden. My Dahlias, Larkspurs and Hollyhocks are now grown tall and must be staked. The stalks are so brittle and the blooms so large they would otherwise soon topple over and break. All dead flowers must be cut off to ensure continuous blooming; Pelargoniums must be cut back more than just taking off the dead flowers; spring flowering shrubs, genista laurustinus, etc. should be cut back when over-flowering.

This is a good time for planting palms and semi-tropical evergreen shrubs, which like the ground warm.

There is a beautiful and very ornamental shrub not often seen which I

am going to plant in my lawn: cedrus, deodora, Himalayan Cedar—often mentioned in Kipling's writings, a blue green, called glaucous green; it is very graceful. And now for my great work, the delight of setting out those beautiful, glowing, mellow, artistic Chrysanthemums, so varied and gorgeous. And in order to get them so as to invite this enthusiasm, I must go about my work with thought and care; the plants from last year having been cut down after blooming have now become large clumps. I must divide these and set out the little plants separately 2 or 3 feet apart in light rich soil.

Being anxious to win a Prize at the Fall Show of the Floral Association I was careful to take some slips from some of my choice plants last March. After cutting down the old plants, the slips are cut when new growth is high enough. I put them in boxes of coarse sand in my lath-house, when they were rooted, I transplanted them into small pots, and then when grown larger, again moved into larger pots and now they are ready to be put into the open ground in the same way as the others; this method is a little more troublesome, but ensures the best results.

My pretty cyclamen that has been so ornamental in my room so long must now be put away in a cool, dry place to recuperate; All my flowers and shrubs need to have plenty of water to nourish and replant them this dry month.

Nature's Garden

The following letter written from Warners Hot Springs in the San Diego Mountains is published by request.

Warners Hot Springs, Sunday 4 p. m.
Dear San Diego Floral Ass'n:

All this lovely day I have had you in mind, while I walked in the Garden of God, and the desire arose to share with you, as far as I was able, the privilege that has been mine.

I feel my pen tremble as I realize that I am about to try and give you a glimpse of the work of that magic landscape gardener Nature, who has at his command the forces of the tempest and the flood, the frost and the earthquake; who cleaves a canyon or upheaves a mountain, as easily as we mortals dig a tiny trench or put in a stepping stone. But I am reassured when I realize that I am treating with a power of absolute impersonality, whose law is as of that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not; whose wondrous works are created because it must be so, and I wonder if so many of man's creations lack that touch of nature because they are done with a single heart bent on the result, and not just because the thing must be done.

I am back on the porch of my adobe sojourning place, but the breath of the growing things in the garden of God is in my nostrils, the tinkle of its streams is in my ears. And before my mind's eye pass in review vistas of mountain and valley seen

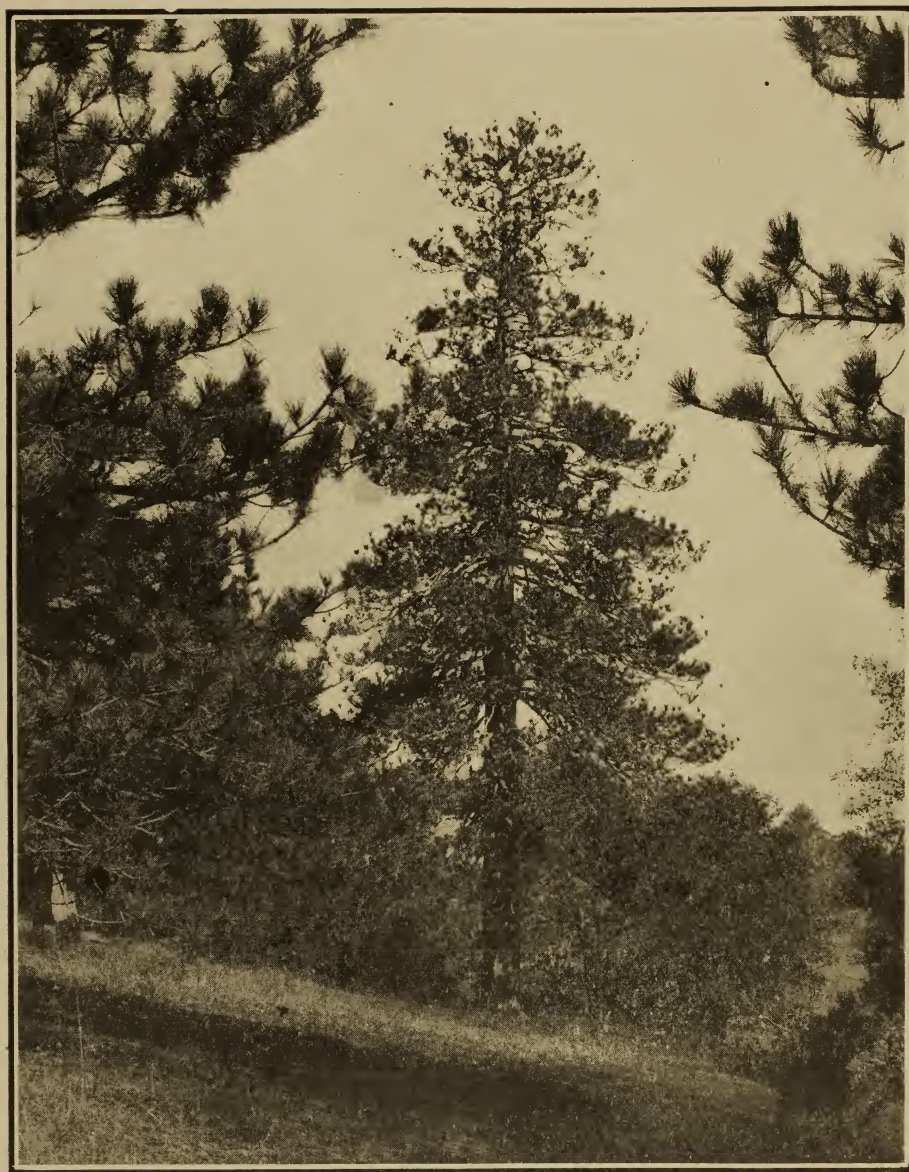
through the branches of forest giants or between their gnarled boles; single specimens of pine or sycamore or oak or cottonwood; huge granite boulders thrown to the valley from the heights above, or, maybe a single wild plant or fern, and I pray for the eye that can see, and the heart that can feel some at least of the magic of this gardening upon which is no blight of private ownership. No sign to keep off the grass, no tricks for effects, no discordant note.

Starting out after breakfast this morning, I hit the trail across a low lying foothill for a mile. Its soil was all broken rock as white as sea sand and yet it was covered with aromatic chaparral and here and there was a spineless cactus bearing a deep pink flower, a vivid spot of color. No grass or undergrowth, just the bushes and the Cactus, and I pushed on fast, because ahead I could hear the splash and tinkle of running water. This noise grew louder, no not louder, but clearer, and a quick descent plunged me among the trees and by the side of the clear stream, a mere handful that a child could straddle, but, oh, so cheerful, so persistent in its business to reach the lowlands. There were pools and miniature waterfalls, mosses and grasses, ferns, and all the other things that love to bathe their feet in the cool water from the heights.

Among the trees were cottonwoods of smooth bark and symmetrical growth, growing right at the water's edge; live oaks of great size, whose

trunks and limbs looked like the hands of a rheumatic all knobs and contortions, and yet their vast spread, their dense shade, their whole aspect was one of grandeur, one of venerable endurance—a veritable Peter amongst trees. Higher up came the pines. What a harp of nature are they! How the wind makes music in their branches I sat under the first one I reached and listened to its song, turning over in my hands a great cone that it had discarded from which the forest denizens had extracted every seed, yet the squirrels don't get every nut for here and there a little tree is springing from the ones they miss. Nature is so lavish in her housekeeping. She provides in such abundance that though seeds fall by the wayside or among thorns or are eaten by animal and bird life around, yet some shall fall upon good ground and spring up and be fruitful in their turn. And what strange places are good ground between crevices of rocks with less than a handful of soil or in the rotting log of a dead and fallen ancestor.

Over the divide were many white oaks just now coming into full leaf, the ground beneath strewn with the acorn cups of years before. No good acorns—the squirrel with sharper eyes than mine has been over the ground, and yet little oaks are everywhere. By these white oaks was one pine tree, and beneath it I sat to look over a wonderful stretch of valley and mountain. Right beneath me was a large clump of wild azalea well in



PINE BACK OF WARNER'S HOT SPRINGS

bloom and the breeze came over it gathering up its delicate odor which it scattered all around me, and then sang a song about it among the pine needles. To the right of the azaleas a big clump of woodwardia fern, were just pushing the new green fronds through the mass of the last year's growth that the frost had turned a rich brown. Away down below was a valley and beyond a high ridge, so far away as to give an appearance of smooth greenness except where a granite slab defied vegetation or tall pines stood up like sentinels, or ranged themselves in regiments. I picked a bunch of those azaleas, wrapped their stems with wet moss and my handkerchief and by splashing the cool water in their faces every time I crossed the stream on my way back, got them home seven miles in good order.

Sometimes I walked for minutes through bracken to my waist, I love it when it is young and crisp looking and the pushing fronds show curled like a caterpillar close to the ground, and oh the smell of it as you pass through it, it speaks of the good rich earth and all it can do when the master gardener plants the seed. I bathed my feet in a pool and regarded a bank of coffee fern the older fronds turning brick red, somehow it seemed less stiff, far more attractive than usual, but I looked in vain for the finger fern of the Santa Cruz mountains.

There's a purple flower up here something like a fox-glove, that I feign would see in my garden and a flame red malva, besides a plant with sage green leaves and brilliant red trumpet flowers, another succulent grey leaved fellow with chocolate flowers and that purple pea. Oh so many things I have never seen before,

and yet the seed time is not yet and I must wait and hope to be in the mountains again, when the wind rattles the ripe seed in the dry pod. I have them all marked and may be it shall be.

Oh what a thing it is to be a crank. What a joyous thing to love something outside of our little selves. I so forgot the thing that cumbreth the earth as Alfred Robinson that I never noticed I walked 15 miles in the mountains and forgot entirely about lunch.

Well I might go on thus for hours for my being is saturated with the spirit of that canyon walk, but I have as always a care for you. Good comrades go to the mountain whence cometh our salvation and let the mountains talk to you, I tell you it is for the healing of the nations.

Chrysanthemums

It seems hardly necessary that anything further should be written about this flower considering that over one hundred books about it have already been published, but had there been one thousand instead of one hundred it would be safe to assume that the majority of people had never read one of them. Few of the growers of "mums" are aware that it is one of this species that produces the Persian insect powder with which we vainly try to keep in check the elusive flea, or that the Feverfew that forms so lovely a yellow border is another of the tribe. To the many a chrysanthemum is the large vari-colored multi-shaped mop on the end of a leaf-bedecked stick that monopolizes the florist's window in the late fall.

Nothing need be said about methods of propagation as the time for that is long past, but plants may yet be set out with fair expectation of good

results, particularly if a few fine blooms to the plant or a single one is desired.

It should be always kept in mind that the large bloom is purely a man assisted creation, no variety left to itself will produce these prodigies, and that they can be produced at all is due to the fact that the "mum" is a gormand among gormands with the digestion of an ostrich.

From this time on the grower must water and feed continuously and when tired out with that will have to add to his labors staking and disbudding. No guide as to the amount of water and fertilizer is so safe as the condition of the plant itself. So long as it grows steadily and its leaves keep a good dark green it is assimilating all it gets. But if a suspicion of yellow appears in the foliage indigestion has set in and a fast is in order.

During this month the grower should decide whether to grow one flower or more to the plant. In the first case, the main stalk and it only is allowed to grow. In the other this stalk must be cut back and the required number of laterals encouraged. Removal of superfluous side shoots must be practised directly they show, and all the immense vigor of the plant, that naturally would produce hundreds of blooms, be concentrated on one or a few flowers.

To the close observer it will be evident that the chrysanthemum hates this concentration as heartily as the average boy dislikes Sunday clothes and company behavior, its efforts to escape from the straight and narrow path laid out for it are diverse and continuous. It will try and sneak out a lateral between its stem and the stake, and when that is discovered and pinched, will run a sucker for a foot or so underground and pop up a shoot

in some other recess. It will grow as it should for a week and when it thinks its grower is napping or indulging a little lumbago from too close attention to it, will throw out a dozen laterals and grow them like an Indian juggler does his wonderful plants in an hour.

And then the disbudding, the careful removal of all but the terminal or crown bud. The fear of worm or other ill that shall mar it and make all labor lost. To watch this bud swell and finally begin to open and then show color, and from its depths unfold the giant flower; truly it is fascinating. Try it and see.

The June Garden

GEO. P. HALL

June is a month of realization: you are getting the results from the plantings of the previous month and caring for the transplanted crops, transplanting more, and for this careful cultivation and as careful irrigation are required. If you attempt to wet the entire surface as a rain would do, it means also that you must cultivate all you have wet up, otherwise it soon hardens in anything like clay, loam or clay soil, and your labor is largely wasted; for to water and not follow with timely cultivation is almost as bad as not to water at all. The moistened soil must be pulverized at the surface, and the deeper the better you make the mulch which is to conserve the moisture you have supplied, the garden giving the plants the whole benefit of the irrigation you have generously given. It is quite as wise to water in furrows made with the hoe close to the rows of plants and let a slow soaking stream run all night—the sun is not licking up the half of

your water then. As soon as the water has disappeared and the soil is still moist, begin to pull in the dry soil from beyond where the night's watering has soaked out. Pull in a generous supply of the dry soil so you have a deep mulch above the water you have given the plants, this will keep the entire supply for the use of the plant. Out in the dry portion, where the water does not reach, you will discover beneath the dry soil you pick up there is moisture that will also be held beneath by reason of your breaking up the tendency to harden and become baked and cracked—a condition that is most detrimental of all conditions to the success of a summer garden.

A second planting of tomatoes and egg plant, peppers and cucumbers may be made. The tomatoes already in bearing should be divested of superfluous laterals that will not bring fruit, and either tied up or given good supports so the vines can lie laterally along a frame a foot or so from the ground. Egg plant must not suffer for want of water; in fact, no time in the year is the matter of watering so urgent, as nearly all crops are in the formation and productive era of their life and the one who stands out and sprinkles water so there is about half an inch or less of the whole garden is displaying hypocrite to the promise of fulfillment, the plant gets little or no benefit from such treatment.

It will be timely to put in another planting of corn. Ask your seedsman for a variety that has the tightest husk, as the varieties repel the worms the Early Mammoth or Alameda is one of the best, and More's Early is also good, though not so much used as Stowell's Evergreen and Country Gentleman and Black Mexican, which nearly always make good.

It is not too late in this State to plant more melons, especially Cannon-ball watermelons. Those who like okra and the jelly plant, can put in a supply, as it greatly prefers the long, warm days of June, and is not afraid of comets. Sweet potatoes planted now will bring a good crop—and it behooves you to look over your cucumber vines and pick daily all the juveniles that are good for pickling, because cucumbers soon get out of the pickling stage and get to be insurgents and have their own way. An insurgent cucumber is worse, if anything, than a hard-hearted, crookneck squash.

All the dahlias, gladiolus and chrysanthemums in the border of the garden need liquid manure and plenty of water. Gladiolus and other summer bulbs may yet be planted to give late bloom. Summer annuals that have for any reason disappointed you can be replanted.

It is a favorable month in which to sow eucalyptus seed, if you can get the trees started in the flats and transferred into cans or boxes ready for planting out next March or April. In this way you are sure of raising the trees. It often happens that when the seed is sown later in the season the frosts of December catch them, as they are very sensitive to cold when young, but if transplanted into pots, cans or boxes, when about three or four inches high, then let grow till they are a foot or more and then set in the moist, open soil, you get a good start for a grove.

It is a good time to transplant evergreens and citrus trees from the nursery to the open where they are to remain. Also, it is a good month in which to curb the overgrown ambition of your blackberries that are making fruit and along it a superflu-

ity of wood. Remove suckers from between rows, if you do not want to get a matted mass so thick you cannot penetrate it.

If you have a young peach or apricot orchard that is developing a very large mop head, trim it by leaving such limbs as will make an excellent frame for the future tree to raise fruit on. If you were building a house you would select the best plan, and then make the frame to fit the plan, if you want a high-up tree, trim off the outsides and let the center leader strike out. If you wish a broad, spreading tree, nip the leader and take such limbs at different angles of the tree as will go out horizontally. If you want a double or triple-decker, leave the limbs on the upright leader to conform to the plan you wish. Do not leave a mass of indiscriminate leaves that are crowding each other without regard to future usefulness. This second year is the time to shape the destiny of your tree.

Culture of Sweet Peas

In view of the fact that next month it will be in order to plant Sweet Peas for Christmas blooming, a few hints as to their culture will be timely. The practice in England, which has been successfully tried here, is to dig a trench of some eighteen inches deep, fill in a foot of manure, cover with three inches of soil, and plant the seed; filling up the trench to the ground level as the growth permits. This accomplishes the deep rooting, so advisable in this climate.

The fresher the manure, stable variety, the better. After it is in the ground must be kept moist enough to prevent heating and induce rot. And these preparations should be made at

least a month or six weeks before planting, even a longer period is advantageous.

In England three months is often consumed in this preparation, the manure being put in three or four layers with soil between, time for settling being allowed between operations. In planting seed be sure to get the varieties that have proven their ability and willingness to bloom at the holiday season, and try any that are specially fancied in addition.

The new Spencer varieties are proving very fine in size but somewhat lacking in diversity of color, the preponderance being towards the pink shades, of which many are so near alike to take a close observer to segregate them. Moreover, the types are not very definitely defined and many rogues, as the off-colored ones are called, appear.

An Open Letter to the Members of San Diego Good Folks

Three years ago, when the Floral Association was born of the Chamber of Commerce as it were by osmosis, it was freely commented that though its objects were admirable its existence would be brief. The Association, however, has just completed its third year and is yet in a vigorous youth time. On the 14th of June it will hold its annual meeting and elect seven directors who will have charge of its affairs for the coming year, and it now is an incorporated body, a fact which many people believe to be conducive to longevity. The election of officers for such organizations as the Floral Association is usually a most perfunctory affair, a matter of the acceptance of the first names pro-

posed, and the object of this letter is to avoid if possible such a course.

With its large and influential membership, its hitherto good record for fulfilling its promises and the undeniable necessity for its ministration in the good land of San Diego, the Floral Association is a matter for serious consideration. It has and can in a greater degree in the future help to realize the dream of a beautiful city. It is an excellent vehicle for good work but it needs direction, and proper direction.

The board of direction, the seven to be chosen next Tuesday night, should be the subject of careful thought on the part of every member, and I shall take the liberty of recording what I believe to be the elements necessary to make a good serviceable director of the Floral Association. This I do all the more freely, because I do not think that I am the embodiment of those requirements. My ideal director will believe in the Association as a serious power for good, he or she will have some time to give and the inclination to give it to the affairs of the organization. Such a person should be of good standing in the community, with a residence or office sufficiently central to facilitate attendance at meetings. (For the chosen seven must meet regularly). Among them should be a majority of good business heads. Mere love of flowers or success in their culture is not necessarily an indication of fitness. A certain amount of tact and a great deal of amiability are almost essential, for we flower lovers are in a sense artists and contrary folks to manage in a bunch.

I would like to insist on the business end. The California Garden properly managed can be made into a valuable property, and what is more

important, a great power to push the objects of the Floral Association. It has lived a whole year. It has arrived at the dignity of having its contents noted by the daily press (when those contents concerned the press), and whole articles have been stolen by papers of a like nature. It has arrived at the point when a good business head can push it into the field lying open for it.

Is it too much to ask that every member shall bring to the meeting a slip of paper with the seven names of his choice written thereon? If any one won't do this for the good of the cause, it is suggested that such a course will bring such an one appreciably nearer to the good music, the dancing and refreshments to follow.

Good people, do think about your directors: it is the surest way to make them think about you.

I make no apology for taking up this much space, for if my motives are not understood no amount of explanation would avail.

I wish you a discerning choice.

Sincerely,

ALFRED D. ROBINSON.

The Pacific Garden

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

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Annual Meeting, June 14

An unusually interesting program of music has been arranged for the annual meeting at the San Diego Club House on June fourteenth. Mme. Jeancon, the talented singer, who has recently made San Diego her home, will be heard in solo, and also in duet with Mr. Jeancon. Mrs. L. L. Rowan, Mrs. W. P. Cooke, Mr. Leonard G. Coop and several others will take part in the program.

May Regular Meeting

Our May meeting was held on the 10th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Vogt, Second and Pennsylvania streets. President Robinson being away on a trip in the mountains, the meeting was ably conducted by the Vice-President, Hon. Lyman J. Gage.

The financial report of the Rose Show was given. We hope with increased experience and material that we may have next time a greater credit balance. We are not mercenary, but there is so much work for the Association to accomplish in the beautifying of our city, that we feel all should endeavor to increase the membership and help to make these shows a financial success.

Plans were made for the annual meeting to be held June 14th and the following committees appointed.

Decoration: Mrs. A. D. Robinson, Miss Rainford, Mrs. Collis, Mrs. H. B. Day.

Program: Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Rowan, Mrs. W. P. Cook.

Refreshments: Mrs. L. A. Blochman, Mrs. E. E. Kaufman.

During the evening Mr. Gage read a most interesting letter from President Robinson, which, it was voted, should appear in this issue of the magazine. Several delightful musical selections were given by Miss Juliet Newkirk.

The discussion for the evening was about the foliage and blooms brought by different members. We hope the custom of bringing these specimens will increase, as it makes the meetings most enjoyable bringing out the experiences and successes of their growers.

One member reported a most admirable tree to be seen in the garden of Mr. Hart, northwest corner of First and Kalmia. It is the Carrissa Arduina, commonly seen as a very low growing plant. Few of us had realized what a superb tree it will become, and it is well worth a trip to see it. A very clean, systematic tree of good height, bearing exquisite white Jasmine-like blooms, and a fruit slightly resembling a guava. This is said, by Mrs. Hart, to make a delicious jelly. It now has both fruit and berries on it.

Beautiful specimens of the G. B. Clark rose, a rich dark red, were shown. This is a new rose and seems a desirable addition to our lists. There were also lovely specimens of our older favorite Frau Karl Druschi—the large, pure white rose.

At the close of the meeting delicious refreshments were served.

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